

Clueless

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Summary: Rich, Popular Ally Dawson decides to prove she's not shallow by 'helping' a new student, by giving her a makeover. However, her ex stepbrother Austin thinks its a bad idea. Just as he suspected, Ally is totally unaware of the growing popularity of this new girl, And COMPLETELY CLUELESS about the feelings her nerdy stepbrother has towards Ally. Based off the movie Clueless.

Clueless

Hey guys! So Yes I know, I know.

What are you doing here, Where's my Be my Angel, but

â€| **I CAN'T HELP MYSELF (She sings in Austin's voice)**

**Anywayys, can I just say Clueless is movie goals and honestly, while I was watching it I was just thinking, **

Fanfiction, this will be a good fanfiction, ooh this is gonna be awesome

So now I have a lot of stories to worry about.

Hee hee! Yay me!

Did u sense my sarcasm.

Anywhoo, I'm going to quit yapping and get on with the show.

I do not own the plot. All credits go to 'Clueless'

I talk too much!

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****Ally's POV****

Oh yes! Summer!

Filled with beaches, hanging out with friends, bikinis and swimming pools.

Don't worry, this isn't an ad for Kotex or anything.

This is just the life of me, Ally Dawson.

Yes, and before you ask, I am the daughter of the famous lawyer Lester Dawson.

But back to Summer. Sigh.

All I gotta say is, enjoy it while it lasts kids, because once that's over, all

your worries come back to you.

And 'all those worries' are known as school.

Right now, I'm trying to pick my outfit to wear for the first day of Sophomore year.

"No, no, no." I mumbled to myself as I looked at the different clothes I had.

It usually takes about 1 hour to choose an outfit, but it's not my fault my closet is so big.

I ended up choosing my long sleeved white crop top with my high-waisted grey plaid mid-thigh length skirt with white knee high socks and black heels.

Hey, I liked to look nice even if it was just school.

I showered and blow-dried my stomach-length hair leaving it in its natural wavy state.

I changed into my clothes and sprayed my Gucci perfume on and picked up my Victoria's Secret PINK bag.

I made my way downstairs only to catch my dad about to sip a Coca Cola.

"Daddy!" I scolded, "You know the doctor said 'No soda in the morning.'" I said grabbing the soda out of his hands.

"Ally, I'm a grown man I don't need a 17 year old telling me how to live my life." He replied harshly trying to reach for the beverage, but I shook my head no and handed him his coffee.

Yes, daddy could be intimidating, but he was a pure sweetheart at heart.

Plus he was a lawyer, all lawyers were scary.

Daddy just sighed yet picked up his coffee and sat down at the table picking up the daily newspaper.

I nodded to my maid, Maria. Usually I would say good morning to the maids but this one didn't speak fluent English, so I never knew what she didn't know how to say.

Maria handed Daddy a bagel with some cream cheese on it and handed me a plastic bowl of fruit salad, which was freshly cut.

"Ally, your brother's coming later." Dad said biting into his bagel.

"Okay first, he's not my brother. And second, doesn't he have a life instead of hanging out here all the time." I said chewing a piece of pineapple.

Let me fill you in, When my mom died, my dad married this other woman called Mimi who had a son who's NEARLY 3 years older than me. THREE MONTHS later, they divorced.

Thank God, because her son, Austin, my EX-stepbrother, was a pain in the ass.

"He is still considered your step-brother, and he's coming to help me with the paperwork for this lawsuit, we need all the help we can get."

"He still has no social life though, that's why he probably jumped at this opportunity so easily." I commented, kissing my dad on the cheek walking to my car.

I didn't have my license yet, but this was all training, plus I'm a good driver.

I jumped into my red Lamborghini and sped over to Trish's house.

Trish was my very best friend, because we both know what it feels like to have people jealous of us because of our rich parents.

Her dad is Juan De La Rosa, Miami news anchor.

Screeech, wow all this talking nearly made me bump into a tree, in my defense it came out of nowhere.

I parked in front of her house nearly bumping into her neighbor's car but I still managed to park straight.

As I said I'm a great driver.

"Hey A!" Trish squealed jumping into the car.

"Hey T!" I replied and we did our signature handshake and I drove off to school.

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I parked in my usual spot and got out.

Trish was immediately attacked by her boyfriend, Dez.

They've been together since freshman year and seriously it sickens me how one minute their fighting, the next they're all lovey dovey.

"Hey Dawson did you manage to knock down any people today." Dez commented high-fiving Gavin as he walked by.

"I'll knock you down if you don't shut up." I retorted.

We were all part of the popular crew Piper, Gavin, Dez, Trish and I.

We weren't that close but we all knew what it feels like to be desired by many, so we all sit together.

Trish leaned in closer into her boyfriend.

"Dez! Why do you smell like cheap designer perfume." Trish shrieked pushing him off of her.

"I don't know, maybe it's the one YOU have on." Dez pointed.

"Oh no! I wear Coco Chanel, not a Macy's spray tester.

I sighed knowing a full on fight was about to start.

I could already see a crowd forming.

"Trish, I'm outtie." I waved before walking off to my locker.

"Later Als." Trish smiled before turning back to her boyfriend.

I walked along trying not to gag at the fashion choices these days.

I mean you never know, One day they're wearing low jeans with their boxers on full display, then the next day they're wearing skin tight jeans, that I wouldn't be surprised if one of them passed out from the lack of oxygen.

With that said, one of the Sophomore boys just reached out trying to grab my ass.

Ugh! But don't worry I gave him a kick in the balls.

This is why I don't date high school boys, too full of hormones.

Not that I'm going to date someone much older.

Just waiting till I get out of high school to start a relationship.

Whew, first day of school, this is going to be a long day.

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"So that's why plaid is so much better than stripes." I

concluded.

Mr. Conley seemed deep in thought, and tried to hide his striped sweater vest by folding his arms. "Okay Cassidy, your turn to rebut."

"Um, hello, Mr. Conley, this is not the topic Ally and I agreed to do for our debate, she totally just switched it last second, So in that case I can't present." Cassidy boredly looked down at her cheap looking fake nails.

"That just proves how good I am of a debater, on the spot, Mr. Conley. If Cassidy here, were a true debater she would've at least attempted to rebut."

"Ugh, Whatever!" Cassidy scoffed.

"Have a seat girls." Mr Conley stated, pinching the bridge of his nose.

I sashayed over to my seat and sat down, rolling my eyes at the needy stares boys were giving me.

"Of course, you would turn a debate project into fashion police." Dez commented to me.

I scoffed.

Believe it or not Dez and I were actually good friends, besides our playful banters.

"You're just angry, that the most fashionable person in this class just completely disrespected your horrible fashion sense." I smirked, looking at his striped shirt and striped pants.

"Well said, Dawson." Dez chuckled.

"Well I absolutely adored it, you looked so hot up there." Gavin whispered in my ear.

And then there was Gavin, who always play flirted with me, even though I've tried to send the message that we're just friends in the past.

Now I just take his comments as playful.

I just smiled at him and turned back in front as Mr. Conley came back with papers in his hands.

"Okay kids, I will be handing out your report cards. Take them home and show your parents."

He said handing them out.

It was then I noticed it.

I GOT A C+ IN DEBATE!

Daddy was going to be pissed.

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****More to come so stick around.****

****There will be an introduction to Austin in the next chapter.****

****And it will get more interesting ****

****Remember this is just the intro.****

****Anywhoo bye guys.****

****Peace!****

End
file.